MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25. SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage), PER MONTH PER YEAR...... \$3.50

VOL. 29.....NO. 10 051

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

BEGINNING A LONG FAST.

There Isp't Anything Particularly Startling About It—You Say, "I'm Ready to Be-gin," and the Thing's Started—Mr. Van Dusen is Going to Fast for Forty Days. Which Is Nothing to Him.

PROCESS IS.

Tou are invited to see Mr. Hiram Van Dusen, the young man the city papers have devoted columns to, and, beyond doubt, a most wonderful individual, who will undertake a prolonged fast-abstaining from food of all kinds for a period of over forty days longer, he claiming to have already fasted for sixty-five days.

The fast will begin at 10.30 a. M. on Monday, Feb. 25, in the Grand Museum.

This unique invitation was in the mail received at THE EVENING WORLD office this morning.

There were lots of people who would begin to fast at the hour mentioned, and as the process of beginning a fast might be somewhat movel, an inquiry was ordered. The fasting editor had not arrived, being

out late at a wine supper last night, For want of a better man, the "special correspondent." at big dinuers, was de-

spatched to the museum. It is located on Grand street.

On the way the reporter decided that Mr. Van Dusen was going to undertake his pro-longed fast, either just after breakfast or just before dinner, or perhaps at an hour exactly between meals.

Detween meals.

On arriving at the museum the reporter addressed "a living skeleton" as Mr. Van Dusen, whereat the l. s. became very indignant, and said: "I want you to understand, sir, that I eat three square meals a day, and my name is not Van Dusen."

The reporter was profuse in his apologies, and becked away from the l. s. until he bumped into a quiet, well-fed looking little man.

He apologized again, and decided to enter

He apologized again, and decided to enter into an busy conversation with this unknown until he could recover his breath.

"Pretty thin yarn this," he began.

"What?" asked the unknown.

"Why, this man Van Dusen, who claims that he has fasted sixty-five days already and will fast forty more. Why, it is easy enough to break a fast, if a man has enough to eat; but where you find a white man saying he will undertake a prolonged fast, voluntarily giving up food, I think there is something funny about it, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said the attle man.

"You don't? Why don't you?" asked the reporter.

"You don't? Why don't you?" asked the reporter.

"Because I am Van Dusen, and intend to do just what I say. Now, lookit here."
But the reporter fied, and never said another word until he found George Peck, who had been pointed out to him as one of the proprietors. Even then the reporter was chary of addressing him, and said:

"Are you Mr. Peck?"

"Yes."

"Yes."
"Positively no doubt about it?"
"Positively."
"How can you prove it?"
Mr. Peck rang a call for a policeman and showed a number of letters addressed to himself. Thereuvon the reporter felt relieved and mutual explanations ensued.
Mr. Peck did his best to explain how a man went about undertaking a prolonged fast, He said:
"Not being crimiled. Mr. Ven.

He said:

'Not being crippled, Mr. Van Dusen walked in here on two feet this morning, shook hands with me and the other curiosities—at least, I mean he shook hands with me and all the curiosities—and then said: 'I am

ready.' To fast ?" I asked.

" Yes.'
" For forty days?'

"For forty days?"
"Aye, or forty years,' he replied.
"Now, I have proof positive that it is sixtyfive days since he ate anything, and I am going to let him fast here for forty days more.
He gets a good salary for fasting. He can
drink a bottle of vichy a day."
Then Mr. Peck introduced Mr. Van
Dusen and the reporter.
The faster told the reporter confidentially
that he was twenty-three years old, single,
and his address for forty days will be the
Grand Museum. He says he did not stop
eating food deliberately, but stopped, because
when he ate anything at all it gave him
terrible cramps and pains in the stomach.
Two hospital nurses will watch him night Two hospital nurses will watch him night and day to see that he does not break his fast. He will lodge in the museum and will have no board to pay.

WURLDLINGS.

Bartholomew Edwards, an English clergyman, whose death was recently announced, had been rector of a parish in Norfolk ever since the year before the battle of Waterloo.

The actress Lotta has been on the stage since 1858, having first appeared on the boards when twelve years old. She is reported to have the argest fortune of any American actress

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, is a striking figare on the streets of Washington. His smoothshaven, pallid face is set off to such a degree by his head of coal-black hair that the contrast, at first sight, is startling.

" Hemped into the Hereafter-Lee is an Angel Now," is the remarkable headline in a St. Paul newspaper over an account of a hanging. The Chicago Times in the palmy days of Editor Storey, rarely surpassed this.

Congressman Reed, of Maine, is described as big, awkward, loose-jointed man. He moves at a swinging gait, his hand buried deep in his overcoat pockets and his hat well back on his head. He wears a No. 10 shoe.

TERSELY TURNED NEWS.

John Gaiter, a slave at Moorfield, W. Va., offered to show the location of a silver mine in return for his freedom, before the war. The master refused, and the slave only gave his secret at his deathbed to his son. The latter has now turned it to account with a mining company.

The exception in New Jersey is the man who is not a candidate for Gubernatorial honors. On the Democratic list of willing Barkises thus far are ex-Gov. Leon Abbett, Gen. J. Watts Kearney, State Senators Baker and West, ex-Chancellor Runyon, Mr. C. P. C. Swing, Miles Ross, Garrett D. W. Vroom, Judge Wescott, and ex-Senator Winfield.

King Humbert stole a base on the American ball-players' game at Rome Saturday. He came to the grounds unobserved, with only one atdant, saw part of the sport and slipped

Puon people need not be deprived of night's rest if

DEATH STOLE A BRIGHT WIT.

PHILIP WELCH TAKEN FROM THE WORLD HE HELPED TO BRIGHTEN.

Shadows Hung All About the Paragrapher Closing Years, Yet He Kept His Thought in the Supshine Jokes Sent from a Hor pital Cot-Pain from the Cancer's Growth and the Surgeon's Knife.

The New York Press Club is called to meet at 4 P. M. to-day to take action on the death of Philip H. Welch, a man who was, under most disheartening circumstances, one of the brightest and kindliest newspaper men of the

Mr. Welch died at his home in Brooklyn vesterday. The approach of certain death had long been marked by him, yet up to the last moment he maintained his cheerful MAY BE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE thoughts of things far removed from his own

Even from his hospital cot, while suffering from the effects of the operations of surgeons, he sent his sprightly contributions to the press, many of his brightest bits thus coming forth.

Mr. Welch began business in commercial circles, but drifted into journalism and developed a rare talent for humorous paragraphing. His contributions to the Harpers' publications, Life, Judge, Puck, and a number of other periodicals, besides his work on the dailies, won him a wide reputation, and his jokes were bought and stolen all over the

ountry.

Cancer of the tongue was his first affliction, Cancer of the tongue was his first affliction, and a portion of that member was removed. Then the trouble appeared in other parts of his system. Operation after operation was performed in vain. The approach to the said finale remained certain and unchecked.

It was in the Epoch that Mr. Welch's work appeared most conspicuously, and in the last issue of that periodical appeared his latest productions, which are here given entire:

HIS LAST BATCH OF JOKES.

ONE SICE, THE OTHER OUT. Old Lady (who has just bought a stamp, to drug clork)—Will you please lick that stamp on fer me, young man?
Clerk—Excuse me, Madam, but I'm not very well this morning, and the boy who has charge of that department has gone out for a soft-shell crab and a small bottle of wine.

A POSSIBLE EXCEPTION Wife-Isn't it a fact, dear, that handsome men tre proverbially disagreeable? Husband-Well, I don't know. I always try to be pleasant.

SICE BUT PLAYFUL. "So your husband is sick, Mrs. Hendricks? said the caller.
"Well, he's not so sick but what he can gibe me about my lack nursing knowledge."

Just then an alarm came from the upper floor and Mrs. Hendricks excused herself hastily and

went upstairs.

Then Mr. Hendricks began a terrible tirade.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired the caller
in a voice of alarm.

"It's pa gibing ma," explained Bobby. A RIGHTEOUS REBUKE.

Applicant (pushing his way through the crowd)—I believe I'm next, St. Peter.
St. Peter (eyeing him sternly)—Do you take this place for a barber shop, young man? A PLACE OF BEST.

Washington guide (to tourist)—This, Sir, is the Senate Chamber. Tourist (from the country)—Oh, yes, sort of a sleeping-chamber, I spose. Guide—Well—er—there's some sleeping done SWALL BESULTS.

A clergyman who had been invited to a state-rison, somewhat spoiled the effect of his dis-ourse by his absent-mindedness, He said, as a closed his sermon "The collection will now be taken up." CAN DO PLEASANTER WORK.

Wife (to husband)—Do you consider that to ave a typewriter is very much help to you, have a typewriter is very much help to you, John? Husband—Oh, ves, indeed. Wife—Which do you find make the better type-writers, young women or old women? Husband—Young women, by all odds.

"Pa," said Bobby, "Methuselah's heirs must have waited a long time for their money." "Not very, Bobby, they all died before he did."

WAR REMINISCENCES. "Yes," said Dumley proudly. "I was a soldier in the war of the Rebellion, and if I do say it myself. I made a good one."
The thrill of admiration which was about to start through the party was suddenly stopped by

Featherly, who said, musingly: "Let me see, Dumley, it was in '64, wasn't it, that you were drafted?" NOT HARD TO TAKE. Old Lady (in drugstore)—Can I take this med-leine, young fellow, with impunity ? Boy (busy selling stamps)—Yes, you can take it with impunity, or with a little milk and lime

A SPIRIT OF ENVY. A SPIRIT OF ENVY.

Miss Gushington (to Miss Twillingham, of Tuxedo, recently engaged)—Your fiance, Mr. Meredith, is quite well off, isn't he. Clara?

Miss Twillingham—Oh, very. We shall be able, as the saying goes, to begin life where our parents left off.

Miss Gushington—You are fortunate. It would be deplorable, indeed, if you had to begin life where your parents began.

A HELP TO THE MEMORY. Old Man (very mildly)—Has that young physician taken his departure yet, Clara ? Clara—No, papa.
Old Man—I wish you would kindly ask him for a prescription to cure a cold. I'm barking like a dog.

dog.
The young man hastily prescribed a kill or our remedy, and the barking soon ceased. The roung physician put something down in his lote-book.

Clara. "Making a note. This book saves me hundreds of dollars a year."

Wife—John, I wish you would get tickets for the new play, "Hole in the Air." Husband—Does the play possess any literary Wife-The papers say not, Husband-I'll get tickets for to-morrow.

BAVING MONEY. "You have charge of my mother-in-law's

"You have charge of my included funeral, have you not?"
Yes, Sir, "replied Mr. Mould.
"Yhat's the price of the carriages?"
"Ten dollars if we have to drive slow; if we can drive fast we can make it only five."
"Well, I don't want you to drive too fast.
Say, you might trot to the grave and run your horses home." AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

Gentleman (to Uncle 'Rastus)—Uncle 'Rastus, can you get me up a nice hencoop? I think some of rai-sing chickens.

I nele 'Rastus—les, sab. I kin build yo' as fine a hencoop as ebber war built, but I'se too busy whitewashin' jus' now to undertake de job. I tell yo' what I kin do, though, Mr. Smith, I'kin work on it nights.

MAY STRIKE A BARGAIN. Dealer (to countryman in art gallery)—There's a line of Rembrant's paintings, Sir.
Countryman—Yes, I know they belong to Rembrandt, but I want to find out who painted them; then I'll talk to Rembrandt, and perhaps make a dicker with him.

BAW MATERIAL. They were on their way home from the

They were on their way home from the theatre.

"We had a very interesting discussion last night at the debating club," remarked George.

The subject was "What shall we do with our raw material?"

"I know very little about matters of that nature, George, returned the girl timidly, "but I think some of our raw material should be disposed of on the half shell."

A REMARKABLE MAN. Wife (coming home from church)—Mr. Good-man is certainly a remarkable man. Husband—Why do you think so? Wife—Because he only returned from Europe last week and he didn't begin his remmon with the remark. "When I was in so-aud-so."

She—Do you think. George, that marriage is a failure?

He—I think it all depends upon the wife. How ho you regard it, Lulu?

She—I think it all depends upon the husband.

She—I think it all depends upon the husband.

PRILIP H. WELCH.

PRILIP H. WELCH. LET THIS SETTLE IT.

Our Great Dream Contest Closes To-Morrow.

No Dreams Received Thereafter Can Compete.

Judge Hawthorne Says He Is Charmed with the Tourney.

It Was a Lucky Dream. I dreamed that No. 21,564 would win prize in the lottery. I procured a ticket bearing that number, and my interest amounted to \$750. A. LUMLEY.

It Was Only the Cat. I dreamed that I was wrecked upon an uninhabited island. On exploring it f discovered many caves. While passing through one of these caves a large animal sprang upon me and I was thrown to the ground, when I awoke with a start to find I had hold of our old cat.

WM. CONCANNON.

The Absent Friend Was Dead. Two friends of mine went abroad recently to travel together. A month ago in a dream I met one of these friends alone. I asked him where was the other friend. "I have left him behind," he said. The dream was so strange I made a note of it at the time. I have just received word that the friend whom I missed in my dream died that same night in Algiers. J. H.

Dreamed Away a Wart. For some time I have had a wart on the top of my head, which caused me a great deal of annoyance in combing my hair. I dreamed I had my head in my lap and was looking for the wart, but could not find it. When combing my hair after I awoke the wart had disappeared.

E. H., 359 West Fifty-eighth street.

The Captain Was Warned.

My father was a sea captain, and he was to sail in a small schooner in a few days. Two days before he went I dreamed that the vessel he was going on was lost. I told him of it the next day and begged him not to go. He promised me that he would not and the vessel went away without him, but was never heard of again, so my dream was realized. W. R.

A Funeral Dream Realized. I dreamed for three consecutive nights of a military funeral. I dreamed that the com pany was drawn up in line, and had ammunition issued to each member to fire a volley over the grave. To my surprise I received a postal card on Wedne-day, just three days after my dream, informing me of an old comrade's death. He was a member of Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. A DREAMER.

Shook Hands with the Doorknob I dreamed that I was on the Cunard line dock as a steamer came in. A friend asked me if I would like an introduction to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales,

I accepted the offer very quickly, and hurried forward to where the Prince was standing, and was awakened in the hall by my brother, who wanted to know why I was shaking the handle of his door. I toid him I thought it was the Prince of Wales, and, leeling very foolish, crept quickly back into bed.

M. Louise Waller, 178 Herkimer street, Brooklyn.

Some years ago I culisted in the United States Navy. I had never been in a hammock before, and it was with a feeling of dread that I at last ventured to turn in. For a long that I at last ventured to turn in. For a long time I could not sieep, being fully occupied in keeping my balance, but finally drifted off. I dreamed that I was suspended on some-between heaven and earth, and that I in my sleep rolled off, dropping from a terrible height. I gave a convulsive jump to escape the fall and awoke, when I landed on the breech of a caunon to the great delight of all the old salts around me.

A. C. B., Prince street.

Fortunately They Parted Friends. I have a friend who had not spoken to her only brother for over a year, owing to some falling out. Some time ago, in a dream, I saw him in a street of a city strange to me. saw him it a street of a city strange to me, and saw him struck and killed by a portion of a building. The dream impressed me so much that I hastened to my friend in the morning and begged her to make peace with her brother. He was then preparing to go away from home to a strange town, and when I learned that I urged her still more. They said good-by, the best of friends, and three and saw him struck and killed by a portion of a building. The dream impressed me so much that I hastened to my friend in the morning and begged her to make peace with her brother. He was then preparing to go away from home to a strange town, and when I learned that I urged her still more. They said good-by, the best of friends, and three weeks from that time he was brought home dead, having been killed by a falling chimner.

LILLIAN MARKLER. ney. LILLIAN MABELLE.

A Lucky Policy Dreamer. I dreamed I went to No. 7 Front street, Brooklyn, to examine a burst water pipe, and

in my dream 1 told a friend, who is a policy player, and he said : "Who did you see player, and he said: "A woman and a man."
What are you doing, George dear?" said there?" I said: "A woman and a man."
Why," said he, "that plays 7-10-12-a "Why," said he, "that plays 7-10-12—a gig." The next morning I told my friend my dream, and he played it for 25 cents. Another friend being present played 25 cents, another 50 cents, another 25 cents and two for 10 cents each, and I played all the change I had, 76 cents. The numbers came as I dreamed, and we all received \$1 for every cent played, making \$221 actually wen on my dream.

A. I. Hicks,

132 Ashland place, Brooklyn,

A Dream Romance in Verse.

I dreamt I sat in a spacious room.

On an ottoman low one night;
The air was heavy with sweet perfume,
From many a bonquet bright;
That a galiant bold for my hand did sue,
As low at my feet he lay.
But my first love's face loomed full in view,
And my lips they answered "Nay."

But he bolder waxed and my hand he kissed,
And closer he drew to my side.
And in words no maiden's heart could resist
He pressed me to be his bride.
But a clance at the face of my first sweet love,
That wistfully gazed at me.
And my heart grew cold to the tale he wove,
And I told him it ne'er could be.

Yet he sued the more at each answered "No. And he nearer to me did press;
So to free myself from his passion's flow
I blushed and stummered "Yes!"
Then the face of my first love faded away,
And a fear o'er my spirit came.
Lest the suitor bold through my-poken "Yea"
My heart and my hand would claim.

Away I rushed from the spacious room

And the suitor kneeling there. With speed through the midwight's sable

gloom
I fied, but knew not where;
Nor stayed my flight motil I came
To the brink of a rushing stream.
My love stood there, I shouted his name
And awoke—so runs my dream;
NELLIE M. KEARNEY. Many Clergy at His Funeral.

St. John's Chapel. Variek street, was crowded this morning with mourners, who attended the funeral services of the Rev. William Henry

THE GRAND OLD MAN CARTOONED.



How the Features of Gladstone Are Represented in the Opposition Prints.

BERGH IS AFTER BANKER MORGAN FOR MAYOR GRANT SAYS IF THEY ARE NOT

MUTILATING HIS HORSES. Edwin D. Morgan, the young millionaire and banker, is liable to find himself in hot Board of Electrical Control demon-water before long, as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about to take more dilly-dallying with the question him to task for docking the tails of thirty horses, which he has on his stock farm near Hempstead, L. I.

In accordance with the latest dude style, Mr. Morgan gave orders to his hostler to amputate the snimals' tails, and to that end the horses were placed in a frame constructed for the purpose, which prevented them from

Each horse in turn then had his tail chopped short off, and a red-hot iron applied as a cautery to the bleeding stump. Their wounds have not yet healed, and meanwhile all visitors are excluded from the grounds. Mr. Henry Bergh has signified his intention of taking action against Mr. Morgan on the

ground that the mutilation of the horses was ground that the mutilation of the horses was unwarranted and in violation of the law.

"Horses with docked tails are very common on the streets," said an Evenina World reporter to Mr. Bergh this morning, "but no instance of an owner being prosecuted has been known since August Belmont, jr., was acquitted of a like charge some years ago. Wby, then, should Mr. Morgan be liable any more than others?"

"Hecause it is an exceedingly difficult matter to obtain any evidence against the perpe-

"Because it is an exceedingly difficult mat-ter to obtain any evidence against the perpe-trators," answered Mr. Bergh.

"The veterinary surgeons are well aware that such an act is a misdemeanor, and there-fore the docking is done under the strictest secrecy, behind closed and barred doors. I know that docked-tailed horses are coming more and more numerous, but that do s not justify Mr. Morgan's action any more than a repetition of robberes would excuse a burglar who happened to be caught

It is not so much the pain that attends the amputation, which, however, is excrucia-ting, nor the cauterization with a red-hot iron afterwards, but it is the inhumanity of

the operation.
"It deprives the poor an mals of their only protection against the flies, particularly the horse-flies, which are so prevalent in the country and whose bite draws blood. I had one of these flies alight on my hand once and it was like a piece of red hot iron.

"Let Mr. Morgan but himself in a borse's place; let him be tied hand and foot and placed in a swarm of bees, and I guess he would compile a."

would complain."

The section of the law which prohibits the mutilation of horses makes each act of Mr. Morgan a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of \$250, imprisonment for one year, or

The matter will be referred to the Executive Board at a meeting this afternoon, and Mr. Bergh says he will strongly urge the prosecution of Mr. Morgan.

ARGUING FOR THE CONSERVA.

Rival Haytian Interests in Judge Benedict's Court in Brooklyn.

The hearing in the case of the steamship Madrid, now the Conserva, which was seized in Gravesend Bay last week, supposed to intend hostilities in behalf of the rebels in Hayti, was resumed this morning before Judge Benedict in Brooklyn. Counsellor McFarland for the de-

fense then real a portion of President Cleveland's message showing the political status of Hayti and asked to have it put in as evidence, which was done.

Francis Ramsay, the Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-lard, and formerly attached to the Boston, testified that at the time he was at Port-au-Prince Legitime was in control as the Provisional President. He knew

very little about the Haytian troubles. Lonis Marks said that he was the steward on the Madrid. He came from New Orleans when the vessel was sold. A recess was here taken.

The People

Easily discover fraud and appreciate a fair equivalent for their money. All admit that 100 doese for one dollar is a fair equivalent, and only one remedy gives this, and that remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring ionic with most satisfactory results." C Parmerice. 340 Bridge st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hood's Barsaparills is sold by all druggists. 21; six for 60. Prepared by C. L HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

DOCKING TAILS HIS CRIME. ONE MONTH FOR THE POLES

DOWN THEN HE'LL TAKE 'EM DOWN.

Mayor Grant at to-day's meeting of the of removing the unsightly telegraph poles

and the almost impenetrable network of wires which cover the city.

In response to letters sent to various com-panies maintaining wires in the subway district, asking what action had been taken by them towards burying their wires in the conduits, all other companies made long explanations excepting the Western Union Telegraph Company.

This failure of Jay Gould's Company to respond nettled the Mayor, who suggested that it be given twenty days to remove its wires and poles, or he as Mayor will direct their removal.

moval.

His suggestion was modified, and thirty days was grauted to all telephone and telegraph companies on the subway lines to bury their wires underground and remove their

poles.

The Mayor questioned the good faith of the Telephone Company, which has 11.600 miles of wire laid in the subways and told Supt. Eckert that if his Company had really desired to bury its wires, it would have been prepared with cable when it knew for years that it must submit to the law, instead of waiting to have it made now.

"I want these big poles down," he said, "and if at the end of thirty days the companies don't take them down they will see how quick I can do it."

HEAVY FIRE AT LEAVENWORTH.

The Largest Elevator in Kansas, with Its

Contents, Totally Destroyed. ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, 1 LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Feb. 25, Kelley & Lyle's mill, the largest concern of its kind in Kansas, caught fire at 2 o'clock this morning and burned to the ground.

The elevator, containing 200,000 bushels of wheat, is also doomed.

The loss will be over \$500,000. Spontaneous combustion is probably the cause.

To Open Its New Rooms with Eclat. That politico-social club, Senator Jacob Can or's "Stuyvesant," has furnished its rooms at One Hendred and Sixth street and Third avenue in elegant style. Their opening will be cele brated with a reception on the night of March 9 Congressman Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, of Ken tucay, will grace the occasion with his presence

The Closing Quotations,

American Cotton Oil
Atch., Top. & Sante Fe
Brimwick Land.
lanada Southern.
landa Southern.
lanern Cosi.
lettral Facific.
lett. Col., Cin. & Ind.
lettral Facific.
let 35× 73 Lake Shore.

Lake Erie & Western

Lake Krie & Western pid

Louisville & Nashville

Louis, New Alb & Chi

Maryland Coal

Manhattan Conuol

Mobirgan Central Manhattan Control
Michigan Gentral
New Jersey
Perry Coal
New Jersey
N. Y. A New Eugland
N. Y. Lake Eric & West
N. Y. Nusq. & Western
N. Y. Nusq. & Western
N. Y. Susq. & West, pld
Norrick & Western
Norfolk & Western
Norfolk & Western
Norfolk & Western
Orthern Pacific
Northern Pacific
Ontario & Western
Or Railway & Naviga
Or Transcontinental
Oregon Improvement regon Improvement. regon Short Line. Rich & W. P. Ter pid. 1009

8. W. & O. 1009

8t Paul & Omaha pid. 31

8t Paul & Duluth. 37t

8t Paul & Duluth. 37t

8t Paul, Minn & Manitoba 1029

8t Louis & San Fran pid. 38t

8t Louis & San F 1st pid. 102

Tennesses Coal & Iron. 37

Tennesses Coal & Iron pid. 103

Union Pacific. 944

Wabash & L. & Pacific. 134

Wah, St. L. & Pac. pid. 1994

Western Union Telegraph. 865

Western Union Telegraph. 865

Wheeling & Lake Erie. 603

HUMOR'S ARTISTIC AIDS.

FUNNY FACTS AND FANCIES TOLD BY PEN AND PENCIL.

An Accident of the Play.



Wipe-Up-the-Ground (the Pinte Chief)-Th calp of the white traitor shall grace the wigwam of the great red man.
Petered Dick (the Scout, under his breath)
Leggo there, you barn-stormin chump! You've got holt of some of my real hair!

A Discourager of Generosity.



Mr. Turner Van Nuleef (who has invested in pair of diamond ear-rings for Mrs. Van Nuleef)-You can never guess what I've brought home to-night, my dear.
Mrs. Van Nuleef (unconcernedly)—Oh, a bottle of whiskey, as usual, I suppose.

Uncomprehensive.



Mr. Tholn (who is lunching his consin at a country hotel)-You may bring a filet or two, and a small hottle, waiter.

The Waiter I kin give yer all th'cider yer want out 'r small 'r hig bottles, hut th'boss swapped his last filly more'n a week ago.

More Than He Could Take Care Of.



Miss Parshley-Did you ever dance before, Mr. Mr. Burt Judsen (who is having a hard time of

Windows along the Route, Transvent Board or Lodgings, Chaperone and Guides will be in Great Demand MAKE YOUR DESIRE TO MEET ANY OF THE ABOVE REQUIREMENTS KNOWN THROUGH THE WORLD " WANT " COLUMNS. Advertisers can Register at the INFORMATION BUREAU of "THE WORLD'S" Uptown Of-Sco, 1267 Broadway. To Strangers CONTEMPLATING VISITING THE ME.
TROPOLIS DURING THE WASHING.
TON INAUGURAL ARE EXTENDED
THE FACILITIES OF THE WORLD'S
INFORMATION BUREAU AS ABOVE.

Washington

INAUGURAL CENTENNIAL.

TWO CENTRAL LABOR BODIES.

Seceders Meet Under the Name of the Central Labor Federation.

The old Central Labor Union held its regular session in Clarendon Hall yesterday afternoon, and the seceders convened in Union Hall, 385 Bowery. Delegate R. P. Davis presided over the former meeting and Ludwig Jablinowski at the latter.

At the Clarendon Hall meeting the Amalgamated Brassworkers, who withdrew with the Socialists, sent in a request for Edward Conklin's removal as a delegate, because he Conkin's removal as a delegate, because he hit Delegate Stuerck in the eye. The Clothing Cutters' Union wanted a withdrawal card, and was told to settle up its back dues.

A committee was instructed to arrange for mass-meetings to agitate the control of the railroads by the State and municipalities.

Gen. Pryor was requested to appear before the Assembly Judiciary Committee to-morrow in behalf of the amendments to the considerable.

spiracy law.

At the Union Hall meeting it was decided

At the Union Hall meeting it was decided to call the organization the Ceutral Labor Federation and to seek for admission to the American Federation of Labor.

Ernest Bohm was elected Secretary; Michael O'Brien, Corresponding Secretary; Henry White, Financial Secretary, and William Kandler. Treasurer. A lengthy address was promulgated, claiming that the principles of the Central Labor Union had been lost sight of, and that the organizations were actually sold out to the bosses.

SALOON-KEEPERS IN LUCK.

Three Discharged in Special Sessions Because the Policeman Couldn't Remember. In the Court of Special Sessions to-day three complaints for violation of the Excise law were dismissed because the complainant. Officer George B. Grimshaw, of the Steamboat Squad, failed to identify his prisoners. The accused were James Collins, John Troy

The accused were James Collins, John Troy and Luke Dunleavy. The arrests were made on July 25, 1886, on board the barge Vanderbilt, while the latter was returning from an excursion up the Hudson.

The men were arraigned in the Tombs Police Court on the following day and held for trial. Five days later the papers were sent to the District-Attorney's office, where they remained pigeonholed till Dec. 12 last, when they were transferred to Special Sessions by request of the accused.

Officer Grimshaw explained to-day that the long time which had elapsed since the arrests were made prevented his swearing to the identity of the prisoners.

WOULD OPEN THE MUSEUM SUNDAY. Mayor Grant Says People Are Unjustly Deprived of Its Benefits. Referring to the fact that the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art returned a check for \$10,000, sent them by W. T.

Walters, of Baltimore, to be used in

keeping that institution open to the public on Sundays. Mayor Grant said to-day that he depreciated the action of the trustees very much. He added:

"As I said in my inaugural message, I think it an outrage to deprive a large portion of the public of the only opportunity they have to look upon and be instructed by the exhibits

in the museum. I am unqualifiedly in favor of the Sunday opening." The Explanation. [From the Burlington Free Press.] Smith—Good for your wife, Jones! I noticed

that she took off her hat at the theatre last even

it)—No, but I used to carry specie-bags in a brok-erage firm, and I thought I could get along. All New York is Talking About This Story.

YOU MISS A GREAT TREAT IF YOU FAIL TO READ IT.

>SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF

A SERVANT OF SATAN." THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER.

The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROLOGUE AND PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious assassin who was guillotined in December last at Paris, under the name of Prado, handed exide eve of his execution a bundle of manuscript notes concerning his birth and past career to a friend named Louis Berard. These reveal for the first time the romantic career of the extraordinary oriminal whose identity and past history proved a riddle which the French police were unable to solve. They show that he was the son of a well-known German General and statesman, whose identity will easily be recognized under the pseudonym et Count von Waldberg. The mother was a Frincess of one of the petty sovereign houses of Germany. A godson of the late King Frederick William IV. of Pruesia, young Waldberg enters the army, contracts a secret marriage with a woman whom he passes off as his mistress, and strikes his Colonel to the ground when the latter uses a coarse expression in referring to her.

Young Waldberg deserts the army and returns to his father's house, where he confesses his misdeeds to the Colonel to the ground when the latter uses a coarse expression in referring to her.

Young Waldberg deserts the army and returns to his father's house, where he confesses his misdeeds to the Colonel to the ground when the latter is received from his terr, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his terr, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his terr, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his terr, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his post of the house of the count of the house at misdeed the latter is received in his being from house, the december of the first post of the house of the count of the house of the count of the house of the count of women of all repute lou in charge of plying a settle with his being a fearing the count of the house at midnight,

Don't Miss the Continuation of this Most Remarkable Story in TO-MORROW MORNING'S WORLD.